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country, until the subject is taken up in earnest. The same should be done in England, in France, in every nation where the ear of government is accessible. The moral effect, whatever the result, must be good in keeping the subject before the public. Associations should be formed, and tracts printed, and publications widely circulated, and lectures sent abroad, and money liberally contributed for these purposes.

The age is full of encouragements. The present is always struggling with the past. This conflict is particularly severe on the subject of war; but, however difficult, victory is ultimately certain. Who can bind the truth? Who will presume to limit the capabilities of the soul? What power can chain down the spirit of the age? The great may despise, and the powerful may oppose; but ignorance, and selfishness, and despotism must bow before the spirit of the age? Its watchword is onward; nor will its march be stayed till humanity, freedom and peace reach their goal in triumph.

AGENCIES.

We were obliged to exclude from our last number reports from our agents during the past year, as well as much other matter; but we insert in this some specimens, to show our readers what the few in our service have been doing.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF REV. D. O. MORTON.

In my recent tour to the West, I visited several battle-fields, where brethren had met in deadly strife, and, under the control of violent and malignant passions, hurried each other into eternity. Most of those who were engaged in the fearful carnage, knew not why they fought, except that they were so commanded, and were taught that persons of a different dress and country were their enemies.

Passing up the Niagara river, we had a fair view of Queenstown, where a bloody battle was fought in our last war with England. Gen. Van Rensselaer with a thousand Americans made an attack upon the British forces at Queenstown. At first the Americans were successful, but the enemy, receiving powerful reinforcements, rallied, and repulsed them. A portion of our army, which was on the American shore, witnessed the horrid affray; and when they saw the dead and the wounded brought back in boats, they refused to pass over to the aid of their brethren, though urgently pressed and commanded. Our men engaged in the battle, did all that was practicable, but, pushed by the British bayonet, they fled; and many of them, in attempting to gain the low bank of the river, plunged down a precipice, where they were dashed and torn in pieces. About 700 surrendered.

Gen. Brock, the British commander, was killed in the action. A monument to his memory was erected by the Colonial Legislature at an expense of \$8000. But already it is marred and shattered; and, unless repaired at great expense, it will soon crumble into ruins. While we would honor the memory of men who in the hour of peril, jeopardized their lives in the defence of their country, still there can be no doubt, that an increasing knowledge of the Bible will convince

men that all wars are wrong; and, that the period is rapidly hastening when the monuments of battles, victories and blood shall have perished; or should some of them survive, they will be regarded only as mournful chronicles of the barbarism of former times.

Queenstown is a pleasant agricultural town; its hills and plains and ravines, when I saw them, looked calm and peaceful; and it was melancholy to reflect that but a few years since, its soil had been fattened by blood shed in malignant, murderous strife; and by men whose origin, language and religion were the same.

Near the falls of Niagara, on the Canada shore, is now stationed a regiment of Scotch Highlanders. Desertions are frequent. A few months since, some of these fellows tired of their military bondage, attempted, by swimming across the Niagara river, to reach the American shore. One, finding he was about to sink, cried for help; two, who had nearly reached the shore, turned back to his rescue; but they could not save him, and in the effort the three sunk and perished together.

One mile north of Niagara Falls was fought the battle of Bridgewater, or, as it is more frequently called, the battle of Lunday's Lane. It commenced July 25, 1814, at 4 o'clock P. M. and continued till midnight. The British army was stationed upon a hill or rising ground. At one time in the evening they were driven from it. In this crisis of the engagement, a British reinforcement was hastened on. These with all the ardor of fresh troops rushed onward, and poured a deadly fire upon the army on the hill, supposing them to be Americans. But there had been a change in the position of the contending forces; and the new division of the British were killing their own men. This action, considering the numbers engaged, was exceedingly bloody; on both sides the loss was about 1500, and was nearly equal. Great holes were dug in the earth, and the slain tumbled in. A gentleman who visited this battle-field five and twenty years after, said he saw bones sticking up through the soil. The Americans, though they obtained possession of the hill, soon found it necessary to leave the bloody spot. This section of country was especially the theatre of war.

Passing westward, I visited the city of Maunee. On the opposite or southern side of the river, was the American fort Meigs, at a place called in history the Rapids of the Miami. On the Northern side of the stream the British had erected a fort. A regiment of Kentuckians were sent to take the fort, and spike the cannon. As they approached the enemy fled, and they accomplished their object without loss. The orders given to this regiment were, that, after spiking the cannon, they should fall back immediately down the bank of the river, where boats would be in readiness to convey them to the American side. But seeing some Indians, these high-blooded Kentuckians pushed on after them, regardless or forgetful of orders. They would not leave the field while an enemy was in sight. The Indians fled: but the movement was a lure to draw them into circumstances of inextricable difficulty. Soon the Indians turned upon them; and almost the whole of this youthful regiment were cloven down. Courage availed not; they were ensnared and overpowered, and all but 30 or 40 fell by the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

At an earlier day a battle was fought at Frenchtown, on the borders of the present city of Monroe. Gen. Winchester was invited to spend a night at the house of a Frenchman, three miles away from his command, and on the opposite side of the river. He accepted the

invitation, and spent the night or a part of it in a convivial entertainment. Early in the morning his army was attacked by Col. Proctor with his British troops and Indians. The Americans fought, but they had no leader. In the mean time, Winchester, unable to cross the river to his men, was taken prisoner. He was assured, if his men surrendered, that they should be protected. He sent them an order to surrender, and they obeyed. But the pledge of the British commander was not kept. After the Americans surrendered, the savages fell upon them, and scenes followed too cruel and horrid to be penned or pictured. Nearly all the prisoners were massacred: some fled into a barn to protect themselves, but the barn was set on fire. This horrid massacre sent mourning and lamentation into many of the first families of Kentucky. Many of the young men, it is said, had received a liberal education, and were the flower and pride of their native State. But they were slaughtered after they had given up their arms; and their mangled bodies left in the woods and in the prairies to freeze in winter, and putrify in summer, or to be devoured by birds and beasts. An elder of the Presbyterian church in Monroe told me he had seen human bones all the way from Monroe to Detroit, in what was called "Hull's Trail," a distance of 40 miles; and that among them he had seen as many as 300 skulls.

Some months after the massacre, the American army as they passed through this place, stopped and buried as many of the decayed and mangled bodies as they could find. Seven years afterwards on a muster or military day, the citizens of Monroe went out in search of bones. They had three large boxes, each holding twelve bushels, put into carts. They gathered bones which had been bleaching for seven years, enough to fill the boxes. One box was filled with skulls. With due order and seriousness, these bones were buried in the common cemetery.

Poets tell us, that the soldier fights for glory. And what is his glory? Is it found in the fact, that his body is denied the rite of sepulture, left to the action of the heat by day, and frost by night; to summer's suns, and winter's storms; or to be devoured by dogs and wolves and ravenous birds? This has been the fact with many American soldiers. And shall our rulers, who are the servants of the people, be encouraged or permitted to expose their fellow-citizens to such horrors? Who can look back upon such scenes of suffering and horror, without the deepest regret? The history of our last war with England and a thousand others, might be written in few words; *brother slew his brother, as Cain did in the beginning.*

LOCAL AGENCIES.—We have in some sections of the country, local agents, settled pastors, who plead our cause in their immediate vicinity, as they have opportunity, by exchanges and other ways, without expense to our Society. We will give our readers some idea of these agencies, by a single specimen from one of our devoted friends.

EXTRACTS FROM REV. W. H. DALRYMPLE'S REPORT.

I should have made return to you of my doings before this, but have not found it convenient. I was requested, as you will remember, to do something, as opportunity presented, for the cause of Peace. I have done a little, and but a little. My duties as pastor in a new field of labor have not permitted my doing what, under other circumstances, I should have been glad to do. During last

summer I visited several places by way of exchange, and at a third service lectured on the subject, and took up a collection.

Since then, I have adopted a course which I think is better adapted to the state of feeling on this subject, at least in this region of the country. The course I speak of, is this: when I exchange with a brother, whose people I have reason to conclude have not been very much enlightened on this subject, I preach a part of the day, or all day, as I think it proper, on the subject of peace, and say nothing about a collection, any farther than to state the pecuniary wants of the American Peace Society, and to invite all who feel disposed, to render what assistance they may feel able.

I consider this the most judicious course to pursue in this part of the country at present, for several reasons. I find, as a general thing, there is much ignorance in regard to the objects and operations of the Peace Society. Some persons are hardly aware that such a society exists, and are even still more ignorant of what they are doing, and what they propose to do. Among some I find strong prejudices, arising from a misapprehension of the principles of the Society, as well as of the results to which they will lead. They are fearful that if peace principles prevail throughout this nation, and other nations remain unaffected by them, the country will be thrown into a defenceless condition, the enemy will come in like a flood, and all the blessings of civil and religious liberty be swept away.

Such erroneous impressions must be removed by a clear exposition of the principles upon which the Society is founded—the remedy which it proposes for war; and by a statement of facts relative to what is doing to forward the same cause in *other countries*, as well as in our own. When the public mind becomes enlightened on these points, there will not be so many fears entertained as to the supposed danger which will arise from the prevalence of peace principles.

Above all, let the subject be presented to a Christian community as a religious one; let Christ be preached as the “Prince of Peace,” as well as the “Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father,” &c. Why is it that the religious community are so alive to the wants and woes of the heathen of distant countries, while they pay so little attention to one of the most barbarous customs of antiquity, cherished in their very midst? It is a matter of the greatest astonishment, as well as regret, that a viper of such a deadly character should be tolerated for a moment in a Christian community; much more, that it should be warmed and nourished in its bosom.

The American Peace Society, as I conceive, is engaged in one of the most benevolent enterprises of the age; and when the people come to understand its claims, then we may, with better hopes of success, call on them to aid its operations. And I am confident that they will then be as willing to give to this object as to any other.

These and some similar considerations, have induced me to adopt the course I have in presenting this subject before the public in this vicinity. After one or two years, the way will be open for agents of the Society to apply for pecuniary assistance with a prospect of success.

A SUGGESTION TO MINISTERS.—And here I would suggest, through you, to my brethren in the ministry generally, the propriety of adopting a course similar to the one I have mentioned; that of *preaching* on this subject, instead of lecturing, both in their own pulpits, and occasionally on exchanges with their brethren. It is certainly a subject well suited to a gospel sermon; and the Bible furnishes many texts directly in point.

(4*) *South Gardner, May 12, 1841.*